

Nashville Union.

For Freedom and Equality!

N. C. MERRICK, Editor.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1862.

The reason why many persons hesitate at once to return to their allegiance to the United States, is because they are cheered by the lingering hope that the rebel army will eventually return to Tennessee and wrest it from the grasp of the Union forces. Though it seems that

Hope, for a season, bids the South farewell, And broken shrills—as at Fort Henry, Howling Green, Fort Donelson, Columbus, Island No. 10, New Orleans, and many other places too numerous to mention—fell.

Yet, upon a general survey of the present condition of things, we see no cause why this transitory hope should not give place to settled despair! We speak calmly, without reproach, and without passion.

We have an unlimited supply of arms of all sizes and descriptions, with ample facilities for making and importing any number which the heaviest demand might require. Letters left in the State Capitol, written by Jeff. Davis prior to, or immediately after the battle of Manassas, show that he regarded twelve hundred stands of small arms as valuable and difficult of attainment as so many horse shoes were to Pizarro and his followers in Peru. Since then, notwithstanding the large numerical increase of the Southern army, their opportunities for the importation of arms have become impossible by the gigantic increase of the United States navy. And the sporadic cases of vessels running the blockade have not even been dew to the drought. Houses have been stripped of their shot guns and flint lock rifles, and no manufactory for small arms has been established in the Southern States.

The United States have an abundant supply of ammunition. The "Southern Confederacy" has been compelled to rely upon saltpeter, manufactured in caves, for their powder. At one blow they have been deprived of all the caves of Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas. In addition to this, remember their loss of ammunition, arms, etc., in places surrendered to the United States. Yet, at this time, they have more need for all the munitions of war, than ever before.

The United States are amply provided with quartermaster and commissary stores. While the fact is notorious that the Southern troops are poorly clothed, and so enormously high has the price of provisions become in the South, that they have been compelled to resort for relief to sumptuary laws—universally acknowledged to be an abridgement of liberty and odious under any form of government. Even the meat which was carried away from here, in a green, uncured state, has rotted in the hands of the soldiers, while its baleful effect has bred a pestilence in their ranks.

By the fall of Fort Henry, we have the control of the Tennessee river; of Donelson, the control of the Cumberland; the Missouri, the Ohio and the Mississippi are open to the unobstructed navigation of our boats, from their sources to the mouths of the first and second, and nearly to Memphis of the third. While the vessels of our navy ply their wheels and spread their sail in every Southern harbor. This navy, with our immense national resources, can be indefinitely increased, in numbers and efficiency. Our already large army can be swollen, by recruits from our crowded cities and densely populated districts, to the dimensions of that of Xerxes.

The dark cloud of their gloom seemed to be silvered over by the sunshine of the French Court, which, however resolved itself into an inquiry, by the French agent, of the price of Tobacco. Now their final hope embraces

"All maladies, Of ghostly scream, or racking torture, quills Of heartless agony; all fevers deadly; Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs; Intestine stone and ulcers—cholera praga; Demonic pteryx, wailing melancholy; And insupportable madness; pining atrophy; Marasmus, and wide-wasting palsy; Dropsies, and asthma, and joint-racking rheumatism"—as means of the destruction of our army, while theirs will remain as exempt as the children of Israel on the night of the Passover. Granting them more injured to this climate than our soldiers, will not the difference in diet, in clothes, in tents, in medicines and in all the comforts of camp life, more than equal the difference of acclimation?

We have thus sought in a suggestive form hastily to present a few reasons why Tennesseans should not longer give

way to the illusory hope that this State can possibly be torn from the Union, by the returning columns of the rebel army.

Several influential gentlemen of this city, who have hitherto been active rebels, have told us and others in private conversation that they had been opposed to the rebellion from the beginning, but had been badgered into it, believing that everything was gone, and that our sole hope was to fix up some sort of a government. They now acknowledge that the government is too firmly fixed in the hearts of the people to be destroyed, and say that they are henceforth Union men. The change progresses steadily, surely and irresistibly. People of Nashville, behold the signs of the times! The morn of returning Union and loyalty and love brightens and shimmers in the East like glory streaming from the opening gates of Paradise, and it seems that our ears, so long filled with the bitter wail of stricken hearts, can catch in the distance the swelling anthem of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men!" Arouse, then! Speak out as you were wont to speak when the land was at peace. Be bold and resolute. Cast aside all unmanly apprehensions, and renew your vows of loyalty. Our bleeding, devastated, plundered State demands it. Our families demand it—languishing commerce demands it—Education, robbed by public thieves of her noble legacy, demands it—Religion, polluted and blasphemed by a debauched and infidel priesthood, demands that you all come forward and publicly proclaim yourselves enrolled under the flag of loyalty. The Union must be restored, and why not begin the good work now?

The, to many, lamented Albert Sydney Johnston (poor fellow!) was honored in the city of Nashville with a public reception, on the eve of his departure for Bowling Green, on which occasion he undertook to address the citizens. His entire speech was consumed in denunciations of Martial Law and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. How changed are things. Albert Sydney Johnston is dead—East Tennessee is in the possession of the rebels and subject to Martial Law, and the writ of habeas corpus suspended. Middle Tennessee is under the benign influence of the United States, and neither Martial Law enforced, nor the writ of habeas corpus denied. New Orleans and Richmond have been placed under Martial Law and the writ of habeas corpus disregarded, while Nashville, under all the blessings of civil law, reposes as quietly in the arms of the Union as an infant upon the bosom of its mother.

It is absolute murder for the South longer to prolong this war. There is not the slightest hope of success left them. Day after day, they are being constricted into a narrower territory and field of operations. City after city and fort after fort are falling into our possession. They are pinched with hunger and discouraged by repeated reverses. Nothing but desperation nerves the arm of resentment, or continues the afflicting contest. Yet, the unscrupulous leaders who have assumed military power, are sacrificing the flower, chivalry and beauty of the South upon the unholy altar of their ruthless and unavailing ambition. The sad picture sickens the heart and moistens the eye of patriotic affection.

South Carolina inaugurated this rebellion, because of the election of President Lincoln. Many people in our midst profess a ready willingness to support the Constitution of the United States, were it not for their dislike of the presence of his Administration. Which is the worse, his continuance in power for three years, or civil war, with all its concomitant horrors and heart-aches? Of the two evils, if such you term them, "choose ye the less."

A telegram from Houston, Texas county, Missouri, professes to give exact information concerning the position of the Confederate forces under Price and Van Dorn. "Last Monday," we are told, "their respective commands were at Des Arc, ninety miles below Jacksonport, on White river." Price himself is reported to have gone to Corinth. Albert Pike, with three thousand Indians and Texans, is said to be on the border watching Curtis.

Col. Harris' Second Ohio Regiment—Was yesterday efficiently increased by the accession of about one hundred volunteers, who arrived here from Ohio. A more soldierly looking body of men we have seldom seen.

From Com. Foote and Gen. Halleck. The latest news from Com. Foote leaves him before Fort Wright, the bombardment still going on. The rebels had cut the levee on the Arkansas side of the river and flooded the farms below for miles. The indignation of the people owning the property thus covered with water is great.

The rains and rise in the Tennessee have retarded operations at Pittsburg Landing, and the roads are in such condition that no movement can be made until they are dried up. Meantime the work of preparation goes on in the camps of the opposing armies.

Penograph of Gen. Halleck. To a correspondent of the Chicago Journal we are indebted for the following pen sketch of the Western General:

While seated on the upper deck of the steamer at an early hour yesterday morning, at Pittsburg Landing, with a party of military friends, a quiet and observing gentleman of about fifty, about five feet eight in height, whose weight would, perhaps, be over one hundred and eighty pounds, was pointed out to me as, with one hand in his pocket and with the other employed in removing a cigar from his mouth and replacing it there, he walked about among the muleteers and wagons—among the stacks of pressed hay and bags of oats and corn, among the newly arrived batteries of artillery and regiments of infantry, and in short, cast an eager eye on every object animate and inanimate—a tall, thin, gentleman, who was unimpeachably, like Paul Pry, "of an inquiring disposition."

Occasionally during his peripatetic rambling an officer would be seen to approach him with a misive, and awaiting his answer would disappear, the stout gentleman resuming his ramble and observations. Soon a thin gentleman with a full grey beard and moustache, wearing the uniform of a Major General, and followed by several staff officers came riding up and took a survey of the pitteas as if in search of some one, and then dashed forward and shook hands with the gentleman investigating proclivities. "On that old fellow with the cigar," said my friend Colonel— "depends the fate of our army in the southwest, and on the other, rests the glory of saving it from utter annihilation." As my readers will have guessed, I was gazing upon Halleck and Buell.

LOVE IN PRISON.—A few days since a man named Frederick Swigert was discharged from the penitentiary, who had for nearly a week been confined in the cells for having communicated with one of the female convicts with whom he had fallen in love. It appears that he had frequently complained of illness for the purpose of getting into the hospital, a portion of which overlooks the cell of the female department of the prison, which attracted the attention of the officers, and he was closely watched. At first the communications with the woman were by signs, and as often as he was discovered he was punished with stripes, under the discipline of the prison. He then obtained a key by which he entered one of the rooms from the window of which he could speak to the woman and drop to her letters which he found opportunity to write. In that he was also discovered and two of the letters taken from him, but he persisted, and though thrice punished within the space of a week, repeated his visits as often as he could.

When last caught he was called before the officers, and confessed that he had violated the rule and received the punishment, but could not help it, as he loved the woman and believed his passion was reciprocated. He was then told that he would not be again subjected to stripes, but would be held in solitary confinement until the expiration of his term of imprisonment. He begged earnestly that he should not be confined, preferring to receive the stripes every day rather than be separated from the one he loved. His appeal, however, was disregarded, and he was confined in a cell until the day of his discharge. Swigert is a man far advanced in life, but for some time past was constantly making excuses to get into the hospital building, after he made the acquaintance of his female companion in crime.—Baltimore Sun.

HEROIC WOMEN.—At the battle at Pittsburg Landing there was a woman who accompanied her husband, and after the battle began to range on Sunday she was urged to leave the field. She refused to do so, and, instead, buried herself all day in carrying the wound of a man to a place of safety as they fell around her. While she was thus engaged, another young woman, who had also accompanied her husband, was struck and instantly killed by a cannon ball, within a few feet of her. The brave woman was, as may be imagined, greatly fatigued, and even made ill, by her exertions on the field. Her name is Mrs. Warner, and she is now in this city at the residence of Mrs. Caldwell, 217 1/2 N. Main street. Her husband fell on the battlefield, and she is entirely alone and a stranger here. More than this, while engaged in her humane work, she tore all her robes and clothing into strips to tie up the wounds of the fallen soldiers; and consequently she came to the destitute of even the most indispensable articles of clothing.—Cincinnati Com.

EMIGRANTS FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.—It is a pretty hard matter for a man to leave his home, upon which generation after generation of his ancestors were born, have lived and died, and yet we are informed by passengers who come down from the region of Charleston, in Western Virginia, yesterday, upon the Steamer Freeborn, that such is the case with many a farmer in that vicinity. Disgusted with the war, their farms ruined, their stock stricken by the rebels, they are packing up what little they have left, and are emigrating to the plains of Illinois and Iowa, where the ravages of war have not reached. Several families were brought down on the Freeborn, and are now in the city, en route to their destination. The Freeborn, Capt. Watson, will leave for Charleston and other points on the Kanawha River this afternoon, at five o'clock, which will afford passengers a fine opportunity of going up.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JEFF. DAVIS delights to call his the Southern army. We suppose this is because things are getting so hot down there.

Guerrilla Warfare. The following extract is taken from the Shenandoah News of April 4th, published in Louisiana:

GUERRILLA WARFARE. A few weeks since we penned an article on this subject, advocating the favoring of our Government this system of ridding ourselves of the present difficulties. We are pleased to see that we are not alone in urging the necessity of this course, for many of the leading journals of the Confederacy have also written in its favor. The following pithy remarks are from the Richmond Whig:

"A French writer, in giving an account of the Guerrilla warfare in Spain, makes especial mention of the effectiveness of night attacks. He speaks of several detachments of the French army which vanished without its being known when and where, by means of nocturnal assault. The assailants had marks of recognition—in some cases they went without uniforms, and the word was to kill all in uniforms."

We must enter upon this and every other species of warfare to exterminate the foul invaders of our soil. We know no law of religion or humanity which dictates the forbearance of any means which will deliver us from these cruel and cowardly enemies. We would direct particular attention to the last paragraph in the above. Everything is right in war, and if, as we have heard preached from the pulpit, "it is perfectly consistent with religion to wage war," we think that we can with propriety adopt such measures as will, in our opinion, prove most advantageous to our cause.

Thus you will see that the South, whilst melting away by thousands before the approach of our army, desires to adopt a system of warfare that would lead to retaliation, the very thought of which is appalling. We desire, as far as possible, to mitigate the horrors of war, while those editors sit behind goose quills and seek to instigate assassination as the true means of defence. Men who are so lost to all sentiments of humanity—men who would thus seek to bring certain destruction upon the unfortunate survivors of the rebellion—men who are willing to disregard the rules and regulations prescribed by international law for the conduct of contending armies, deserve and will meet the scorn and contempt of all honest men; the curses of all patriots, and the loathing and disgust of all mankind. Stimulate your men, if you dare, to begin such a system of attack, and ten of them shall perish by day, in the halter, for every one of ours who fall at night by the assassin.

To show our citizens the difference, in the South, between Confederate notes and provisions, we quote from the Opelousas (La.) Courier, April 5th:

We read in the Patriot, our neighbor, of the 29th:

"We are not to have any more meat. Our butchers tell us they cannot buy beefs for Confederate money, and the owners thereof will not receive anything but gold and silver for them. That's patriotic! To depreciate the currency of the country is a hundred fold worse than to fall in the ranks of the Yankees and fight for the subjugation of the South."

Undoubtedly, those who have beets and other necessities of life for sale, and who refuse Confederate States notes, at par in payment thereof, lack that patriotism without which we cannot acquire our independence, and their names should be recollected for a time which may not be far off. If every one of us do not aid by all the means in our power, the government of our country, we might as well fold our arms on our breast and wait for the Yankees to come and put the yoke on our necks. Then, those who have beets and other property, will see the enemy take the same in exchange of nothing.

This is not the time for those who possess to enrich themselves at the expense of the poor, or of those who are making an honest living.

We might relate, as a corollary to the above, an anecdote which was related to us the other day:

An old Jew, rich as Croesus, who made an immense fortune in New Orleans, lately refused to take Confederate State bills in exchange for his goods. The Government for him, and intimated the incompatibility of his conduct with that of the entire population of New Orleans.

The Jew insisted, and continued to sell his goods for nothing less than gold or silver. General Lovell then sent for him, but Croesus was inaccessible to any good sentiment, and he emphatically refused to sell his goods for anything else than gold or silver.

"Then," said the General, "I give you twenty days to settle your business, and leave the country." And the General left, leaving to martial law to do the rest.

Brass for Cannon. The New Orleans Picayune says: The citizens of Mobile are sending in all the brass, copper, iron, lead and zinc they can dispose of, to the depot designated for the purpose of collecting metal, in response to General Beauregard's call. And across, leaders, grates, lamps, water pipes, pewter, pans, iron cream freezers, kettles and bowls they give everything which is not absolutely necessary to them. We don't see what could prevent us from following such a praiseworthy example. Without putting us to great inconvenience, we could, if we would, in less than a week, collect in New Orleans alone, metal enough to cast all the cannons Beauregard may want.

How about your brass now?

The soldiers of the Burnside expedition sent to their families, on the 11th inst., by Adams & Co.'s express \$430,000.

A telegram from Cairo of Tuesday last states that in consequence of the incessant rains which have fallen since the battle of Shiloh, it is now an utter impossibility for the Federal army to move. We also learn that Beauregard was constantly being reinforced.

New Advertisements.

CHANCELLOR. FOURTH CHANCERY DISTRICT. We are authorized to announce Hon. SARVO PRASAD as a candidate for re-election as Chancellor of the Fourth Chancery District, comprising the counties of Davidson, Williamson, Maury, Giles and Lewis. ap20 1d

THEATRE. DUFFIELD & KANIN W. H. EVERETT. MANAGER. SEASON MANAGER. CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE NEW COMPANY. WEDNESDAY, EVENING, AP. 30th.

Time Tries All. Characters by Mr. CLAUDE HAMILTON, Mr. EVERETT, Mr. PIERCE, Mr. FLETCHER, Mrs. H. BERNARD, Miss SCANLAN, &c., &c.

SONG, - - - - - Mr. DUFFIELD. FANCY DANCE, - - - - - Miss CONSTANCE. BETSY BAKER. Principal Characters by Mr. EVERETT, Mr. HAMILTON, Mrs. HATTIE BARNARD, and Miss SCANLAN.

WM. M. GREINER, Commission Merchant, No. 109, Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sole Agents for the South, Rich, Tobacco, and Produce generally. ap20 1d

FRENCH BAKERY. I have undertaken to inform the Public that I have added to my establishment a BAKERY upon the French method; and that only competent French workmen will be employed. He hesitates not to say his bread is equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city, and guarantees that it will be as sweet and good as bread can be made, from the fact that no loaf yeast will be used in its manufacture. A share of the public and private family patronage is earnestly solicited. Hot Breads every morning, at 5 o'clock. All descriptions of bread, and every variety of cake made to order. Remember, if you want sweet and good bread call at P. O'CONNOR'S, corner of Union and Summer streets, opposite Old Fellow's Hall. The Public are respectfully informed that the well-known ICE CREAM SALOON of H. C. REYNOLDS, (formerly of Nashville) will be re-opened Thursday the 8th of May, where Ice Creams, but to be excelled by any in the city, can be had. Call and judge for yourself. [ap 20-1m] P. O'CONNOR.

LOST or STOLEN, from the Subscriber a BLACK Newfoundland pup, about six months old, with some white in the face and on the tail. A reward of Five Dollars will be given to any one who will return him to me, and any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received. [ap 20-1m] W. R. CORNELIUS.

TO ARMY SUTLERS, Booksellers, AND THE READING PUBLIC. JUST PUBLISHED.

BY APPLGATE & CO. 43 Main Street, Cincinnati.

"Prison Life," IN THIS TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AT RICHMOND.

BY A BATTLE OF PRISONER, LIEUT. WM. C. HARRIS, Of Col. Baker's California Regiment. Handsomely got up in six volumes, 1862. 10c. or bound in cloth. 25c.

REMOVED. A. Morganstern. Has removed from his old stand on Market Street to No. 10 Union Street, where he will keep a full assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's Wines and Children's GAITERS, BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS. Of the Best Make & Finest Quality. ap20 1d

1862. SPRING. 1862. HOES, CHAINS, & SCYTHES. Field, Langstroth & Co., IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, 410 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA. HAVE now in store a full assortment of GOODS for SPRING SALES, at prime prices as not season. ap 20-1d

PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING, AND PHONOGRAPHY.

A RE taught over Smith's drug store, corner of Church and Vine streets, by J. W. DOLBEAR.

His system of teaching gives a neat, easy, and free business style of few easy lessons, caligraphic command, and this in one's self for them. Hours 9 to 4, P. M., and 7 to 9, at night. None but those acquainted with Phonography form any idea of the great utility, the beauty or simplicity of this wonderful art, or of the which it can be learned. N. B.—Should those connected with the army wish to form a class in Phonography, a separate hour will be selected for their instruction. ap20 2w

LANDRETH'S WARRANTED GARDEN SEEDS.

GROWTH OF 1861. FRESH SUPPLIES of them most reliable seeds received by the subscriber, Agent for their sale in Nashville. LANDRETH'S REGISTERED AND ATMANACUR for distribution, SEASONS, by

T. WELLS, NASHVILLE. BLUE GRASS SEED, RED CLOVER SEED, ORCHARD GRASS SEED, WHITE CLOVER SEED, HEIDS GRASS SEED, MIXED GRASS SEED, CANARY SEED, OSAGE ORANGE SEED.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, STONE WARE, &c. T. WELLS, SIGN OF THE MAN AND MORTAR, On Market St., opposite Union, Nashville, April 25-62

BOOTS AND SHOES. F. H. FRENCH, No. 15 Union Street. Wholesale and Retail. Just received, by Adams' Express, a large stock of LADIES', MISSES, & CHILDREN'S SHOES. Of best Philadelphia make. COTTON CARDS for sale by the dozen. ap20-1m

25 MILITARY BOOKS. 25 ARMY REGULATIONS, (REVISED EDITION) ARMY REGISTER—1862.

Scott's Military Dictionary. McClellan's Armies of Europe. JOMINI'S WATERLOO. JOMINI'S ART OF WAR. COOK'S CAVALRY TACTICS. GEN. ANDERSON'S ARTILLERY. Army Officer's Pocket Companion. McClellan's Bayonet Exercise. FOR SALE AT NO. 25 CHERRY ST. ap20 1w

25 To Army Surgeons. 25 New Books. GUTHRIE'S ARMY SURGERY. Blackman's Army Surgery. FOR SALE AT NO. 25 CHERRY STREET. ap20 1w

CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENWARE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. ALSO.

JUST RECEIVED. And for Sale, Low for Cash. BY H. CAMPBELL, No. 74 Public Square.

House, Foundries, Dry Reef, Blowing Engines, &c. &c. Mackerel in bins, 25c. and 30c. Whitefish, 10c. and 15c. Oysters, 10c. and 15c. Crabs, 10c. and 15c. Cakes, 10c. and 15c. Apples, 10c. and 15c. Spices, 10c. and 15c. Pickles, 10c. and 15c. Pigs Feet, 10c. and 15c. Potatoes, 10c. and 15c. Wrapping Paper, 10c. and 15c. Ground Sponges, 10c. and 15c. Star Goggles, 10c. and 15c. Plough Lines, 10c. and 15c. Clothes Pins, 10c. and 15c. Wash Tubs, 10c. and 15c. Market Buckets, 10c. and 15c. Smoking Tobacco, 10c. and 15c. Pepper, 10c. and 15c. Coffee, 10c. and 15c. Cranberries, 10c. and 15c. Assorted sizes, 10c. and 15c. Coal Oil, 10c. and 15c. Brooms, 10c. and 15c. Washboards, 10c. and 15c. Coal Oil Lamps and Chimneys, 10c. and 15c. Hair Brushes, 10c. and 15c. Cuffs, 10c. and 15c. Towels, 10c. and 15c. Dry Goods, 10c. and 15c. Flours, 10c. and 15c. And China, Glass, and Queensware, wholesale and retail. Call soon, if you want BARGAINS. H. CAMPBELL. ap20 1w